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## MAN OR POPINJAY?

ROLF PACKARD always did everything by jerks. Moderation with him was very irregular and occasional. Consequently, when Mr. Rolf very unceremoniously and suddenly entered the snug little sitting-room of his and his step-sister's home, Bessie very deliberately marked her reading-stop with the point of her knitting-needle, and looked up just as Rolf had dumped himself—as he termed sitting down—into the comfortable arm-chair that every evening stood the “other side” of the old mahogany table, juxta to slippers and evening paper.

“Now!” said he, after his cap had found lodgment in the corner, his coat on the sofa, and the paper had made sharp, quick music for full a minute, “when Mr. Solomon Wingate wants me to marry his daughter Christina, he will broach the subject to *me*.”

Bessie had not moved her needle from the “stop” or taken her eyes from Rolf; curiosity was eager for the impellent of this extra counter-irritant. It was neither contagious nor sympathy-demanding; but on the contrary hit the risibles fairly, and she vented her wonderment in the heartiest laughter imaginable.

“It is just as I say, and time will prove my veracity!” continued Rolf, nodding his head and elevating the corners of his mouth in a very determined way.

“Then I am afraid you will never become Mr. Wingate’s son-in-law,” rejoined Bessie, wiping her eyes and trying to articulate clearly. “What has caused this rupture?”

“Well,” replied Rolf, preparing to justify himself by evenly balancing the paper across his knee and dovetailing his fingers,

“you have known for a year past that I have paid Solomon’s daughter Crissy very marked attention, and that she as markedly received it; and not a word or act has led me to think that I was otherwise than a favored suitor. For some weeks I have thought that matters ought to be understood; so this afternoon, like an honest man, brave from a consciousness of right-doing, I asked a private interview with Mr. Wingate, and was shown into his presence. I must acknowledge that I was never received more cordially; and he was so loquacious that I began to fear I should not be allowed the doing of my errand. But all things end; so at the first lull I began: ‘Mr. Wingate—’ What are you laughing so for, Bessie? Hysterics?”

“Because you are so cool, it seems that you are only acting,” answered Bessie, almost choking with laughter.

“Listen, and you will soon learn that I have had sufficient reason for frigidity, in seeing my advances and plans deliberately snuffed out as worthless dips.

Well, to re-begin, I repeated: ‘Mr. Wingate, you must have noticed the growing attachment—’

“‘Oh, yes,’ he interrupted, ‘there are not many panoramas rolling before me that I do not notice.’

“‘I know you are a keen observer, and must, before this, have noticed that your daughter and myself are not indifferent to each other.’

“‘Yes, I have noticed it; also the dainty, spoony manner in which you carried her sunshade, fan and parcels, and the graceful languidness of your gathering wild flowers for her admiration, as you together peregrinated Higby Park, day after day, as if life was only an existence and that park the only platform in creation. Now, when I sanction my daughter’s preference, the would-be partner must be a *man*!’ And he enunciated this insolence as clearly and calmly as if it had been the most convincing argument comprised in the English language.

teristic style. Listen!” And Rolf proceeded to open a very business-like sheet and read:

“DEAR NEPH:—It is my opinion you have eaten a sufficient quantity of idle bread, to cancel all rational ideas of ease; consequently, I insist upon your answering the roll-call of duty at my counting-room immediately. Your needy uncle,  
“JOHN WARNER.”

“That,” said Rolf, doubling the letter into his pocket, “is what I denominate special interposition. Now, I propose to cram a few wearables into a pocket and leave my present stage of action, on the five-and-a-half train for Thaxter.”

“To-morrow? It is so sudden,” said Bessie, slowly, wondering how she and Mrs. Furbish, the house-and-home-keeper, could manage their humdrum life, which hitherto had been a zig-zag alternation between indolence and self-entertainment.

“Yes; that is my way of doing things, you know.

But I have not told you all my reflections while at the Cove. Now, you will be very lonesome when I am away for good, bereft of the expectation that I am coming in, laden with fresh items of news, garnished with my opinions, suggestions and prophecies. I thought of a healthy antidote—a counterweight to sustain your cheerfulness. It occurred to me how nice a book-and-stationery business would be in that great parlor, that has never, since my remembrance, been other than a store-room for stately furniture, and a filling out of external symmetry. With your taste and means, I can easily imagine it the most attractive snuggerly in town.”

“Do you really mean it, Rolf?” eagerly asked Bessie, her face radiant with the proposition.

“I do, indeed. Every word I speak now is *bona-fide* sincerity. I have a ransom to pay, to redeem myself from being parallelized with a popinjay.”

“I should like nothing better; and what a sensible boy to think of it,” rejoined Bessie, drawing her pencil from its niche in her desk and apparently about to consult expenses.

“Oh, yes, and you can collect from every point of the compass my scattered novels and convert them into a circulating library. It will help fill the little idle gaps: then I shall write often; so I believe you will prosper finely.”

“I have not the least doubt of it,” replied Bessie, animatedly; “but are you not going to explain to Crissy?”

“No; I think not,” replied Rolf, after a few minutes’ thought. “But maybe I ought to! Yes, I will leave a note for you to forward, for I shall be off bright and early.”

The personal antecedents of our characters were worthy people. Mr. Packard, senior, started in life



THEREBY HANGS A TAIL. —GUSTAV SÜS.

“‘A man, sir!’ said I, springing to my feet: ‘what do you take me for?’

“He laid off his glasses in the most deliberate manner; then coolly looking at me, pointed to a handsomely caged popinjay, evidently with no other purpose in the world but to be admired. Now, if you do not call that exasperating insolence, what is? I seized my hat, said something I can not remember, bade him ‘good-day’ and left his presence. He treated me exactly as if I was entitled to no higher respect than a coxcomb—a perfect pauper in all manly attributes. But there is one thing certain: Mr. Solomon Wingate will learn that I am not so spoony as to beg for his daughter; and he can enjoy the supreme bliss of taking her to Europe to cure the heart-ache. I concluded an inventory of self assets and liabilities not intolerable; so to thoroughly canvass matters betook myself to Crystal Cove to balance accounts undisturbed. I suddenly bethought myself of a letter I had received on my way to Mr. Wingate’s. It proved to be from Uncle Warner, in his own charac-

penniless, early married Rolf's mother, who in a few years died, leaving Rolf to fill business interims with the little sunshine his stolid nature thirsted for, but which his wife's loss seemed to stultify, the conviction that Providence visited this affliction as a special spite never once leaving his mind. But seven years after, his marriage with Mrs. Baxter—Bessie's mother—the reopening of his home to the sunlight, the cheery atmosphere the mother and daughter created, the home pursuits, partially roused the father from his stupor, and he resumed his place in society with apparent satisfaction. Then a financial depression involved his credit, the forebodings returned, and in two years from his second marriage he died, believing himself a pauper. No reasoning or argument could dispel this delusion. He insisted that Rolf must be called from school and work for their support. This Mrs. Packard refused, as involving more than simply gratifying a whim, as it only cleared the way for another hallucination, and, as it was always *something*, this served as the needed hobby. So Rolf finished his study course. His college life ending, nothing extraneous stimulated further development; and one party declared him to be a very commonplace young man, totally destitute of any ability which could support the decided assertions of the other party, who as positively declared that all that was necessary to cause Rolf to display ability and show genius was some sharp, rasping experience, capable of suddenly and thoroughly converting his indifference. Then *Con* would defend his assertion a little triumphantly with, "Time will prove who is the prophet;" and *Pro* would readily coincide with, "Yes, time *will* prove, and somebody will know the decision."

Rolf's graduation was barely medium; and the satisfied smile and sigh of relief as he complacently pocketed his diploma, might, to a casual observer, have proved him to be a mere dawdler, or at best with aims so far above prescribed rules that he could not succumb spiritually. Very soon he grew conscious of the fact that Crissy Wingate came very near his estimate of womanhood; and he exhibited his belief in the grade of attentions reviewed by Mr. Wingate.

Mr. Wingate was not a devotee to homeopathy. He believed that desperate cases required corresponding remedies; and his ejaculated "There!" full ten minutes after Rolf's hasty exit, sounded like the correct result to a perplexing problem. The second ejaculation, still another ten minutes later: "I have made a man of him, or I am no interpreter of character-signs," was the explanation of his work.

"Now, *that* attended to, thoroughly," he soliloquized—while a significant smile played over his features, and his pacing grew quicker as if to hasten results, "I must prescribe a counteracting farce for Crissy;" and then for half an hour he twirled his thumbs and abstractedly gazed at the green-and-oak carpet, muttering something about trips, excursions, mountains, visitors, visiting, book-keeping, homework, etc.; but neither expedient seemed to answer his purpose. The thumb-twirling continued, till the tea-bell snapped his cogitations; and entering the dining-room, Crissy, in the brightest and most contagious manner, solved the father's perplexity, by:

"Father, I have been satiated with idleness for weeks; and this afternoon I acted on your truism that 'idleness breeds no good,' and have visited my friends, announcing my intention of becoming a music-teacher. The 'freak,' as they called it, surprised them considerably, but they willingly and promptly promised me five pupils."

"How long do you suppose this resolution will last?" asked Mr. Wingate, his face assuming a more satisfied expression than it had worn for hours.

"Until I give it a thorough trial," replied Crissy, bravely.

"Just the enterprise, child! and for every five dollars earned I will add five. I am not backward in helping those who are ambitious to help themselves," rejoined the father, while a very meaning smile played about his mouth- corners.

Did one ever know antecedents and consequents so harmonious? Certainly; just such results have often reflected man's wisdom: only we have omitted the

examination of minute causes and looked only to aggregate results.

Bessie waited six whole weeks for the jerky-worded, carelessly folded and scrawly superscribed letter that she re-read to Mrs. Furbish at tea-time:

"DEAR BESSIE:—

"I am in excellent health, in capital spirits, full of business. Like it well, and am uncle's shadow from 7 A. M. till 10 P. M. I have no time to consider, but from my present sitting position—a barrel—conclude that merchandise is the medium of redeeming myself from—you know what.

"Love to all. Write often.

"ROLF."

"Just like Rolf—superlatively unsatisfactory. Now, to retaliate in an amiable way, I will fill pages with minute details and begin this stormy night," said Bessie, slowly folding the letter, and later carrying out her intention, as follows:

"DEAR ROLF:—

"Your letter was duly received and found us in the full enjoyment of a busy life. You are aware you left us in a very unsettled state—no, you did not know it. Well, how to proceed I could not determine; so, after exhausting my own knowledge of feasibles, I asked advice of Mrs. Furbish. She has a brother in the city, and offered to ask advice of him; so, in due season, an answer came, saying that he would furnish me with all necessary goods, asking only small profits; that he would also mark them at current prices. This settled, the next movement was preparing for the parlor reception. Then I drew a necessary sum from the bank, and with Mrs. Furbish started cityward, as full of air castles and business importance as any schoolboy could possibly be with his first earned silver sixpence. I think my appearance gave a genuine reflection of my feelings and that I was judged to be a somebody by the deferential attentions I received. When I heard some one remark, 'It is a conceded fact, that for real, hearty enjoyment we must look to the laboring classes,' I turned short round to look at the speaker; and I think my face must have said 'Amen!' for the old gentleman leaned forward and continued: 'You see, madame, honest labor is an antidote against the petty annoyances of dress, appearance, living, and those little frivolous conventionalities which some suppose to stamp them as to the "manner born." Workers are long-lived, and really the marrow of our commonwealth.' The brakeman here shouted 'Holly,' so the old gentleman's entertaining chat was snapped. I settled back and reviewed myself, and concluded that I was making the best move of my life—even if failure succeeded, as there are both merit and satisfaction in *trying*. At Holly, Mrs. Furbish dispatched word to her brother to meet us; so Mr. Walker's span took us to his home—the result of book-selling—where we were cordially received by Mrs. Walker. I fully comprehended, before retiring, Mrs. Furbish's remarks about 'restful homes;' for Mrs. Walker's chief enjoyment seems to be doing other people's fretting and worrying, and she certainly is a connoisseur of what constitutes anti-peace food. The following day, transacted my business and took the late train for home. It was like a celebration—the arranging of my stock: the girls and a few gentlemen came in to help. Then other friends dropped in, said something encouraging. Thus far receipts have tripled expenses, and the experiment is equally a success and a pleasure.

"Crissy is not going to Europe, but instead attends to a large class in music. I saw her recently: she was full of chat and enthusiasm about the beneficial results of working.

"I imagined that I could detect a very meaning expression on the countenance of Mr. Wingate, last Sunday, when he was trying to explain the Sunday-school lesson. He dwelt upon the sinful consequences of idleness, and especially when it was the pampered indulgence of heritage, for which we should be called to a stricter account than for the usage of our talents, as it was a special investment in our hands and we were to distribute dividends. These remarks led me to define *luck* and *success*. Luck comes to us unexpectedly and suddenly, answering to the mental quality of intuition. Success is the triumph of tested feasibility, answering to judgment. Did you ever think how many hidden helps we have? It occurred to me yesterday from a mere remark of a little girl, which gave me a theme for long study. This led me to notice the subject closely, and I am astonished *how much* one gains from others casually. As links in the great electric chain we can not live independently. The 'hidden helps' we catch from nature and apply to characterization supply too noble an element to be ignored. How is that, in the way of philosophy, from a 'worker?'"

"BESSIE."

The months rolled quietly and uneventfully—where? They returned not to accuse, undo or re-do, till some five years intervened between Rolf's exit and advent. Mrs. Furbish always went down to his home in "thawing time," as she termed spring; repaired his winter garments, packed them away, pronounced strong injunctions against their being disturbed till cool weather; told him all the home-happenings, of Bessie's success; drove and walked with Rolf, sight-seeing; answered his numerous questions; and returned home brighter and brisker for the city attrition,

and pleasantly loquacious inasmuch as there was so much to tell. At "freezing time," Bessie went beyond her business halt to Rolf, for the winter's job of repairing spring and summer clothing. So the months flew past and gathered to years, so full of pleasant cares, that notes of their birth, living and death were unheeded; till one day a telegram interrupted the "even tenor" of Mrs. Furbish's household affairs, and set matters in a genuine flurry of "ways and means," greater even than when Uncle Seth Shumway and his three dogs had made them a visit of six weeks. Everything was planned and executed with direct reference to "our Rolf's coming and comfort." Bessie kept customers waiting, because her opinion finished Mrs. Furbish's cooking of Rolf's favorite viands; her fire suffered and went out; the ink froze because the open window was forgotten; and neighbors dropped in to see what had happened, for the store was not lighted, and they gossiped so long that her cake-frosting became too hot and made little sugary pyramids all about it, much to Mrs. Furbish's grief and the disturbance of her ideas of economy.

In due time Rolf came, looking just like a healthy, hearty, good-natured, successful business-man, well fortified with genuine principles and a brusqueness decidedly agreeable. Attrition had modified his jerkiness wonderfully. He opened and shut doors like others, examined books and *laid* them down as if they had wearable bindings, whistled less—in fact only when much surprised,—left his hat, coat, and rubbers in the hall, sat long at the table chatting after the eating was finished; and he entered so warmly into Bessie's plans and operations, commending, rectifying, smoothing inaccuracies and kindly regulating affairs generally, that his approaching absence was really casting a shadow in advance. He gave Bessie time for nice little hour trips of here, there, and almost everywhere; and she always returned with such infectious spirits that even the old house cat and dog became intolerably social and required checking.

It lacked two evenings of Rolf's departure. Friends had called, chatted, sung, won game victories, eaten fruit, expressed sincere regret that Rolf must leave, and gone—Crissy Wingate among them. It was an obvious necessity that Rolf should accompany Crissy home, no one present could deny. Crissy preferred to instruct her pupils at their homes; consequently she devoted three afternoons of each week to that purpose. She had visited four of them and reached the home of the fifth before she was aware that the black threatening clouds hung so low. Stopping a moment to decide how to proceed, a gust filled with fine snow and dust whisked around the corner, up the street, oversetting whatever possible, swaying movables, quickening the steps of pedestrians, causing them to hug wrappings closer and bow their heads for protection from the terrible wind. "I am strong and can not mistake the way, even if the wind does seem a fortress. I will just 'beard this lion;' besides, this rather suits me just now. Yes, I really believe I enjoy this elemental fracas, and will not halt, but plod onward, and reach home by the time father returns from Thaxter." Crissy's strength seemed renewed with this resolution, and she pushed briskly onward, keeping within the lee of the street, till the storm suddenly changed to feathery flakes filling the air and completely blinding the way. Conscious of her ability to proceed, not an energy relaxed, till the storm, as if determined to accomplish its purpose, culminated in a terrible blast taking her strength and consciousness. She grasped at something for support. Buildings, trees and earth were ruthlessly hurled together in one huge jumble; then thick darkness covered all. Crissy had overestimated her power of resistance and fainted. Bessie, from the window, had caught glimpses of her approaching and fall.

"Rolf!" she screamed from the stair-foot, "a woman is perishing at our gate! hurry! quick!"

Quick as thought Rolf responded to the summons, dashed hatless into the storm, seized and bore the sufferer into the sitting-room and laid her tenderly upon the sofa.

"Good heavens, it is Crissy Wingate!" exclaimed Rolf; and quickly stripping furs, hat and throat wrap-

pings, chafing her temples, and calling loudly for water, wine and Mrs. Furbish. Under such treatment consciousness soon returned, and the rather tragical aspect quickly changed to comedy by Crissy's asking, "Who reached home first, father or I?" The circumstance and necessity of Rolf's attendance really seemed a divine shaping of means to an end. The slow walk, memory crowded with by-gones that never seemed more vivid, might really be regarded as a strong temptation to compromise his assertion by finishing the proposal; but the Wingate element interfered and the stinging comparison rankled as sharply as ever. "No," he thought, "I should become liable to a forfeiture of respect or affection, and hate myself." So when they reached the Wingate home, Rolf was wonderfully well fortified with the conviction of unjust treatment, and ready to meet Mr. Wingate as icily as need be. Mr. Wingate answered the bell, swung wide open the sitting-room door and cordially bowed them within, inquired earnestly of Crissy's ill and good fortune, prescribed further treatment, then talked rapidly of his stay in and journey from Thaxter. Rolf was in no mood to reply—sometimes comprehending, then lost in his own reflections. Then came a silence of many minutes, broken by Mr. Wingate saying:

"I believe it a duty to be generous, and I believe the precise moment has come for me to prove it. The juncture in our lives has been reached, Rolf Packard, when I want you for a son-in-law. I have watched you stealthily, closely, unremittingly, in every act of your life. I am glad to testify that you have tallied with my standard of manhood; therefore I fearlessly consign Crissy's happiness to you—that is," he continued, bowing low, "if such is the desire of you both."

Rolf regarded Mr. Wingate a moment, evidently determining upon the reliability of his hearing. It was a rapid conclusion, for he turned quickly toward Crissy, saying:

"Would it be a difficult task, Crissy?"

Tears are so interesting in a story—consequently, Crissy, at this juncture, shed the necessary quantity.

Dear reader, imagine the finale—the most important part of which, after all, was that Rolf Packard *did* succeed in his promise of waiting until the father asked him, before marrying the daughter,—and that he proved, even to the hard intellect of that father, the difficulty of always deciding between the two species, Man and Popinjay. —*Mary E. Jennings.*

#### ABOUT THE CENTENNIAL CITY.

MESSRS. PORTER & COATES, leading publishers of Philadelphia, in recognition of the demand necessarily created by the coming of the influx of visitors to the Centennial Exhibition, have prepared and just issued, in a stout and handsome 16mo volume, "The Official Guide-Book to Philadelphia; a New Hand-Book for Strangers and Citizens." It is compiled and edited by Mr. Thompson Westcott, author of a "History of Philadelphia," "Life of John Fitch," etc., has nearly one hundred engravings, illustrating the buildings and places of special interest of the Quaker City, in connection with the Centennial and otherwise; and, so far as a hasty examination will allow us to judge, seems to be admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is designed. If it has a fault, it is that it is too thorough and exhaustive—not to say too bulky; for there may be too much even of a "Centennial City;" and possibly some of the visitors, compelled to weary the body in exploring the numberless acres of the Exhibition buildings and grounds, may object to wearying the mind by going all over them again, and adding the consideration of many objects which they have not seen with the living eye, between the covers of a guide-book. However, probably Philadelphia will a little better bear the close examination involved, than any one of its rival cities, except possibly Boston; for it has a memorable history, naturally not forgotten by Mr. Westcott, himself a historian; and in the year of grace 1876 it is allowable to make somewhat closer investigation than would at other times be permitted. Taken all in all, not only the visitors to the Centen-

nial, but Philadelphians themselves and the people who reside near and pay them occasional calls, may be thankful to author and publishers for having done a necessary work so acceptably and so thoroughly. Messrs. Porter & Coates unquestionably have the "inside track" in Philadelphia hand-books, and are capable of keeping it, if anything may be judged from the present volume.

#### "THE MOATED GRANGE."

"Mariana in the Moated Grange."  
—Shakspeare and Tennyson.

Few subjects in history or literature have been so honored as the story of Mariana, either invented by Shakspeare or elaborated by him from an old legend,—and continued by Alfred Tennyson in one of his finest poems and in another of secondary importance. The story, of the scene of which so noble an illustration is given in the picture of "The Moated Grange," in the present number of THE ALDINE, occurs in "Measure for Measure"—one of the most objectionable, on certain moral points, of all the plays of Shakspeare, yet full of story-interest, and containing very many of the finest poetical thoughts and most charming reflections of the master-dramatist. Those who well know the plot of this play, will remember that the Duke of Vienna has temporarily installed one Angelo in power under the incitement of the pure reputation of that nobleman, but some suspicion (as afterward becomes apparent) that the "saint" is privately very much of a sinner. By the laws of Vienna, at the time, immorality is punishable with death; and Angelo condemns Claudio to the block for a crime of the kind, at the very time when, as the duke disguised and remaining in Vienna as a priest discovers, endeavoring to debauch the sister of Claudio as a bribe for saving the life of the brother! The disguised duke also discovers that there is one Mariana, to whom Angelo owes the justice of marriage, and to whom (it may be said in passing) before all is done he manages to make that doubtful saint pay his debt, in a most effectual manner. The passage in "Measure for Measure," in which this special story is introduced and explained, is as follows; and we copy it at length from the very fact that the origin is so little understood, and that so many casual readers trace it back no further than Tennyson.

#### THE SHAKSPEARE STORY OF MARIANA.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE"—ACT III., SCENE I.

*Duke.*—Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

*Isabella.*—I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

*Duke.*—Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love towards her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

*Isabella.*—Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

*Duke.*—Left her in her tears and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour; in fine, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he a marble to her tears, is washed by them, but relents not.

*Isabella.*—What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

*Duke.*—It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

*Isabella.*—Show me how, good father.

*Duke.*—This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. \* \* \* What think you of it?

*Isabella.*—The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

*Duke.*—It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo, \* \* \* I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana.

Very evidently the impression made upon the present English laureate by the old story as merely hinted

at by Shakspeare, must have been most profound; for we not only have his principal poem on the subject, following, but another, written and published later, called "Mariana in the South," bearing very nearly the same burthen, though by no means equal to the first, in which he developed his appreciation of and love for the theme. We give, in conclusion:

#### TENNYSON'S "MARIANA IN THE MOATED GRANGE."

With blackest moss the flower-plots  
Were thickly crusted, one and all:  
The rusted nails fell from the knots  
That held the peach to the garden wall.  
The broken sheds looked sad and strange:  
Unlifted was the clinking latch;  
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
Upon the lonely moated grange.  
She only said, "My life is dreary;  
He cometh not," she said;  
She said, "I am weary, weary,  
I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even;  
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;  
She could not look on the sweet heaven,  
Either at morn or eventide.  
After the fitting of the bats,  
When thickest dark did trance the sky,  
She drew her curtain-casement by,  
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.  
She only said, "The night is dreary;  
He cometh not," she said;  
She said, "I am weary, weary,  
I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,  
Waking, she heard the night-fowl crow:  
The cock sung out an hour ere light:  
From the dark fen the oxen's low  
Came to her: without hope of change,  
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,  
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn,  
About the lonely moated grange.  
She only said, "The day is dreary;  
He cometh not," she said;  
She said, "I am weary, weary,  
I would that I were dead!"

About a stone cast from the wall  
A sluice with blackened waters slept,  
And o'er it many, round and small,  
The clustered marish-mosses crept.  
Hard by, a poplar shook alway,  
All silver-green with gnarled bark;  
For leagues no other tree did mark  
The level waste, the rounding gray.  
She only said, "My life is dreary;  
He cometh not," she said;  
She said "I am weary, weary,  
I would that I were dead."

And ever, when the moon was low,  
And the shrill winds were up and away,  
In the white curtain, to and fro,  
She saw the gusty shadow sway.  
But when the moon was very low,  
And wild winds bound within their cell,  
The shadow of the poplar fell  
Upon her bed across her brow.  
She only said, "The night is dreary;  
He cometh not," she said;  
She said "I am weary, weary,  
I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house,  
The doors upon their hinges creaked;  
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse  
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,  
Or from the crevice peered about.  
Old faces glimmered through the doors,  
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,  
Old voices called her from without.  
She only said, "My life is dreary;  
He cometh not," she said;  
She said, "I am weary, weary,  
I would that I were dead!"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,  
The slow clock ticking, and the sound  
Which to the moaning wind aloof  
The poplar made, did all confound  
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour  
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay  
Athwart the chambers, and the day  
Was sloping toward his western bower.  
Then said she, "I am very dreary;  
He will not come," she said;  
She wept, "I am weary, weary,  
O, God, that I were dead!"